

By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR

TO SORTEN AND WHITEN THE SKIN—To clear up and whiten the skin and secure that charm of youthful freshness and bloom described by you, which is better to rely upon a good lotion rather than powder. To get rid of the shiny or muddy look in your complexion, dissolve four ounces of spumax in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, and add two teaspoonfuls of glycerine. Apply this with a soft, clean, white muslin rubbing gently until dry. This lotion does not show or rub off like powder and is much better. It is splendid for removing tan, freckles, pimples and sallowness.

Names of Things.
It is very confusing to all Americans to go shopping in England. To speak of a "store" here and not be understood is trying. The word "shopping" was once spent by two American women in a shop on Regent Street getting their "shopping." First, Mrs. A. asked for "a dozen spoons and cotton." The civil, obsequious clerk looked much puzzled, and opened several drawers and looked on shelves and consulted a book. He then said: "Very sorry, madam. I have not 'tappen to 'ave 'em. I could order them from Manchester, though, that is, if you manufacture town. This so surprise Mrs. A. and she said: "Out of cotton! A store like this? Why, don't the women of London wear 'em strange?"
"O, yes," it is reels of cotton wool. It is wanting. O, of course, wool we are never 'bout of the necessities in our line. I thought you 'ad spin-

domestic, rather fine." Some delay and discussion at last resulted in the purchase of a folding bed, Mrs. A asked for "a convenient" and was shown an array of English desks, Mrs. C. asked for "a small table" and was shown "crackers," and finally, after vociferous worry, got "a tin of Unilever's & Palmer's biscuits." Mrs. C. wished to buy a "small animal doll" and was shown a beauty and told to "look at the hize." She did look at and all over that doll from head to foot, and, after a long time, the machinery of the last the young girl in charge said with a blush, "I should 'ave said its eyes, mem." Mrs. C. wanted "a pair of gums," and was sold "a pair of gloves," and sent the whole shop into sternly suppressed giggles, while a marble floor walker would give names for things, but if there was any incivility or complaint lodged there would be immediate dismissal. That was the way the colonial ladies and all. Nothing is more serious in London, where starvation is always just around the corner. Mrs. B. being an oleo and a coal vane for parlor use. Hysterical symptoms began to develop afresh. Even the floor walker seemed to have a high-glided and monumental "coal scuttly" or mansion drawing room use, went down as such on a white, and was provisioned, as you could buy anything on earth at Whiteley's, from a paper of pins to a yacht, manned and provisioned, a with thirty-five or forty servants, flowers and the morning paper, if you only knew what to ask for and had a pig-tail, and a glass of port, not knowing, both the colonial ladies got back to their hotel limp, exhausted and disgusted, spoke American and under the Result: nervous prostration, augmented by the mysterious ha'pennies and farthings of the long bill, and a strait-jacket in Covent Garden Market, where they paid a guinea apiece for peaches labeled "essaler," and small potatoes labeled "West Indian," for a small lot. Motivated "West Indian potato," an "Irish potato" had never been heard of by that green grocer, and completed their dissatisfaction and temporary demoralization.

It was worse at the dressmaker's. Indeed, so much was said about "doublets" (for the spring), "frills, turbulences, gimps, that the colonial ladies were utterly routed, and decamped, leaving everything to the "dressmaker."

At Home.

Misunderstandings are to be had at

was looking for some Christmas books to send off to friends. "Would you like the efforts of Clarence Steadman ma'am?" queried the tall, lank, dismal looking, portly, this time of year, good looking, portly, man. "I don't like them," I exclaimed, "poets or poets. People have got something better to do, in this day, than to read poetry. Still I'll take a look at them, and I'll be with it; mostly young men with a girl on a string, waiting for vittles to get cheaper to marry, and considerable of them, I think, are not much to be liked by such and the ladies. They do say is how he has made a fortune of his stuff, though I wouldn't give a cent for it, and I wouldn't open my door, for it, myself. They say he has built himself a fine house up on the Maine coast from his yarnings," I thought the lady, and bought a volume. When Ruskin wrote his "Sheep-folds," a whole edition was immediately sold, and I bought a few more sheep and pens and shearing left out of it entirely, and fairly bombarded the publisher with angry letters, demanding their money back again by return post.

The Menty-Senty Fad.

Some girls bent upon being distinguished from the common herd in their dress, have quite recently had a way of spelling familiar names in certain odd, after their own absurd fashion, usually in exaggerated portmanteau hangings. I have known quite as many make, as to find our old friend "Emily" converted into "Emylet," "Alice" figuring as "Alyssie," "Charlotte" as "Chelotte," "Margaret" as "Susanne," "Julia" Russified into "Eulinka," and even "Mary," the sweetest name and the most beautiful, as "Marlye." What they think they gain by such deformations one does wonder, especially with such names as "John," "Grove," "Robert," "Higgs" and the like attached; "Anita Bustamante y Flores y Garcia" means something, it means France, "something." It means Germany, "Zhang" means China, "John Smith" means something—means a great deal. It means John Bull—England. But "Susanne" means nothing, "Chelotte" means nothing, "Robinson" means nothing whatever, and they stand for nothing but pretension and conceit. They are in the habit of sticking a dash in front of the name, Jean de Luo Mirepoix is something for the most light-hearted of Frenchmen, and "Anita Bustamante y Flores y Garcia" enough names to put up every woman child in her kingdom for life and leave

richest—the greatest of them—save those really loved by their people, like Edward VII. and Amadeus of Italy, though the only one I ever heard of making a mistake in his life. The most lasting and satisfactory is the Emperor of China's. "Brother of the Sun and Moon," "Ruler of the All," and "Great Son of Heaven" is his official title, or rather the opening paragraph of it, and it does settle his claim to be regarded as an F. R. S. Duke of That, Count of the Other, Elector or Palatine of Something Else, pales before those most calm, eternal Chinese characters.

What is a margrave, landgrave, sovereign prince, chamberlain, commander-in-chief, grand marshal, grand eouyer, commander-in-chief, general, admiral, President, Pasha, Bey, inspector-general, and so on, and so on, and so on, and so on, compared with the Fixed Star?

There isn't a creature in any court in Europe that can stand up before a margrave, a duke, a prince, a count, a "Grand Maître du Cuisine du Roi." If a cat can look at a King, certain it is that a good cook is a precious and majestic creature in the eyes of our august circles. He is the only man on earth who can stand before even an Oriental despot and say: "Not an atom of pepper less, and not an atom of Bechamel more, and only a Barbarian would dream of adding common black pepper to a dish commended by the Great One." It is the only creature with courage to tell Frederick the Great that one of his compositions was "false to the beautiful science and religion of gastronomy," and to demand that he permit him to remove it from the menu, to remove or retain it. But only a great French cook can make his own terms, even under the Fixed Stars. Cooking is a science, and a cook is a philosopher, and he will not add or subtract a grain of salt to please any monarch. Did not Vatel kill himself because a fish was not peppered to the taste of one of his famous dishes?

Names in Europe.

There is nothing in which Europe is so absolute as in the aristocracy, except names. In civilization where millions of people are packed as closely as sardines in a tin, it is the only thing that is not crowded out of it. They certainly make the most of it. In a small, if ancient duchy, one wonders how room can be found for a Yvonne, a Charlotte, a Marie, a Marie-Antoinette, a Caroline, a Charlotte Elizabeth Louise Erika Alexandrine Saxte Altenbourg, d'evant Dieu, etc., etc., etc.

And if a mere duchess can do all this, what time, thought, and care it must take to do justice to the names of the kings. Must be the unforgotten

[illegible]

comparatively. You may like to try your hand at it, so here it is: "Somedetch Phra Thau Bormagwause Toe Tchan Fa Maha Somdetch Krom Phra Banrap Parapake." It was cakes and ale compared with the name of the King's brother. "Toe" was not our toe, of course, the toe of our common humanity. "Fa" was not part of the musical staff. "Phra" we thought a title, for all the King's family bore it. "Banrap" struck us as being a bit queer, new to the Siamese. "Parapake" was not satisfactory altogether, as the conclusion of so many vowels and consonants, yet it was not without fascination, as mortally queer. The education in books and travel of most of us is necessarily very limited, but it may be should even go to claim it might be of service to remember "Krom." There is something substantial about "Krom." Perhaps it means "more" or "much." Orientals are fond of "imagery." And that sneeze word, "Thachoi!" certainly could be hurled at the Siamese waiter who wouldn't bring the coffee. To have only this name for all our Siamese vocabulary might be of great service to us, bring us into the sunshine of the rays of friendship, and the Siamese royal naval officers into the royal family and make bananas as cheap in Richmond as in Bangkok, where you get about a thousand for a dollar in Chinese money. Let us, then, think respectfully, though we have written lightly of names.

Frances Burdette Baylon.

A LITTLE WORTHY OF NOTICE

When your stomach has "gone back" on you and the appetite is poor, or when the bowels are clogged and the liver inactive, get a bottle of the famous

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

without delay. It is the best remedy for Stomach ills, and its results are certain, as proven by its wonderful record during the past 57 years. But remember—you want Hostetter's, nothing else will do. It is also excellent for Cold and Grippe.

Stylish and desirable for the furnishing of the home at prices that insure a great saving and on terms of payment that meet with everybody's approval.

[illegible]

and a large family. And it is in names and titles that European royalties are richest—the greatest of them—those whose name bears by their people, like Edward VII. and Amadee of Italy, though the only one I ever heard of that seemed definitely perfect, everlasting and satisfactory was Emperor Emmanuel III., Brother of King Sun and Moon, Ruler of All, and Grandfather of the Fixed Stars," his official title, or rather the opening words of his coronation oath, he claims to be regarded as an F. C. magnificently. The King of This, Duke of That, Count of the Other, Elector or President of Something, or even Emperor, those most calling eternal Chinese Fixed Stars.

What is in a margrave, landgrave, sovereign prince, chamberlain, councillor intine, potentate, director-general, grand marechal, grand eouyer, commander-in-chief, general, admiral, President of the Senate, Governor-General, commandant, Governor, Emperor, compared with the Fixed Star?

There isn't a creature in any court in Europe that can stand up before the Emperor of China, who sits on his august circles. He is the only man on earth who can stand before even an Oriental despot and say: "Not another grain of rice shall I give you." Becham would require, at only a Barbarian would dream of adding common black pepper to a dish commended by Vatel!" It is true that Quants had the same right, but he never used it, so that one of his compositions was "false to the beautiful science and religion of good music," and forbid him to either admire or retain it. He only gave a few good cooks made his own terms, even under the Fixed Stars. Cooking with him is a beautiful science—a religion—and he will not add or subtract anything from it.

Did not Vatel kill himself because a French monarch added pepper to one of his famous dishes?

Yes, in France!

There is nothing in which Europe is absolutely reckless and lavish, except names. In a civilization where millions of people are packed at close quarters, and where money is the only luxury they can have for nothing, and they certainly make the most of it. In a small, if ancient duchy, one crown-prince's realm can support four dukes, whose name is "Marie Gasparine Amelie Antoinette Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Louise Frida Alexandra Victoria Wilhelmine Albertine Hippolyte-Augustine."

And if a mere duchess can do all this, what time, thought and care it must take to do twice as much! The next thing is to marry her to the untold

efforts of the whole court to select two or three dozen suitable, harmonious, select ones, embodying the traditions of the dynasty, the status of the country, family and the personal preferences of the father mother, grandfather, grandmother aunts, uncles and cousins, before the great day comes when the little girl, said to be born in a sea of humanity is clothed in magnificent robes laid on a velvet cushion, carried by grande dame, presented to the army of the King, and the girl is carried forever in the water of the Jordan to the King of Kings—the Christ. Earthly splendor assumes its true pillular proportions of suffering, and the little blonde, in its poor little cotton robe, trimmed with cotton lace, not Mechlin, and presented by a tender mother to the priest, at the same moment, with a few friends look on, has just as much, just the same royalty and dignity, holy innocence and the King's name and blood; mother and child, "Life is a work; begin it. Life is a battle; win it. Life is a pure heart; God shield it. Life is a sceptre; God wield it."

Russian Names.

Except utterly impossible names—Tartar, Chinese, Bulgarian—for our tongues to tackle, Russian names offer most difficulties to overcome. It is not that the Russian language has no name of one Russian friend, Annetta Ylagonaya Pazona, and great was her amusement and amazement that it should seem to be so. I have heard of anybody. She rattled on "Dondokov Korsakov Tchikhatchev, Syvatopolski, Timofeev Kolpakovski" as if it had been Jane Scruggs, and laughed at the sea of names. I have never checked over much expression on hearing it. "Call those names!" I said. "I call them seythens." She said that was nothing to seem that the King had called it. I told her that the King was not insured. We were both young girls and strangers in London, and made merry over everything. She had made me a present of a book of names, and to speak American fluently, and was always trying to roll out, "All right, go ahead, never mind and hustle," as if it were a game. I said, "I don't like 'Thunder' bothered her tremendously, much to my surprise, for I naturally thought that a girl who could take her first sentence as easily as I could, could pronounce anything. She said to me, "I can't imagine why people think Russian difficult. Why, it is the easiest of all languages to speak. I know, if it were Siamese, I could perfectly understand it. Just look at this official guide of the diplomatic corps, the King's household, the King's wardrobe of the King's whole!" We pored over

He roared over it, but pronounce it Greek and Coptic were child's play comparatively. You may like to try your hand at it, so here it is: "Somadetch Phra Tiaou Boromawgawse Toe Tchan Fa Maha Somdetch Krom Phra Bamrap Parapaks." It was cakes and ale compared with the name of the King's brother. "Toe" was not our toe, of course, the toe of our common humanity. "Fa" was not part of the musical staff. "Phra" we thought a title, to all the King's family bore it. "Bamrap" struck us as bold and buccaneering and Siamese. "Parapaks" was not satisfactory altogether, as it meant conclusion of so many vowels and consonants, yet it was not without fascination, as mortally queer. The education in books and travel of most of us is necessarily very limited, but if any of us should ever go to Siam it might be of service to remember "Krom." There is something substantial about "Krom." Perhaps, as bread or meat. Orientals are fond of imagery. And that sneeze word, "Tchalon!" certainly could be hurled at the Siamese warrior who would bring the coffee. To have only this name for all our Siamese vocabulary might be of great service to us, bring us into the sunshine of the royal family, our hands on the good-looking young naval officers into the royal family and make bananas as cheap in Richmond as in Bangkok, where you get about a musk for a dollar in these times. Let us, then, think respectfully, though we have written lightly of names.

Frances Parkinson Baker.

A LITTLE ADVICE

WORTHY OF NOTICE

When your stomach has "gone back" on you and the appetite is poor, or when the bowels are clogged and the liver inactive, get a bottle of the famous

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

without delay. It is the best remedy for Stomach Ills, and its results are certain, as proven by its wonderful record during the past 57 years. But remember—you want Hostetter's, nothing else will do. It is also excellent for Cold and Grippe.